

NOTES ON THE TERM'S PICTURES.

How intensely varied are the reproductions from Raphael's pictures we shall give the children this term! And how very beautiful. The "St. George" and "The Vision of a Knight" show most plainly the influence of his master, Perugino. In the latter the arrangement is entirely Perugino's, the picture divided in the middle and each half balancing the other; also the feet of the female figures and the gentle winding landscape that makes the background. But the idea is entirely Raphael. The young knight sleeps on his armour, keeping no stern vigil, his gentle young face fallen on his shoulder. And to him come two angels, offering him the sword of strife and the locked book of the disciplined life, or the flowers of Love and the gay wantonings of Pleasure. He has not meant to make any decision. There is no settled purpose of repose in his attitude. He has not taken off his helmet and armour and settled down comfortably. Only for a moment did he rest beneath the very inadequate shade of the olive, to be overcome suddenly by sleep at noon-day; for notice the absence of shadow and the brightness of the whole picture.

"How will he choose?" the children will ask. His head is turned towards Austerity in her plain, coarse gown. Let them ponder the picture with few words from you.

The St. George is a very different type of young man—full of splendid vigour and force. How he grips his sword as he stands in his stirrups. The broken pieces of the spear show what a fierce fight it has been. Here again the teaching of Perugino is plainly shown in the trees, so entirely native to the landscape he painted so often.

I cannot believe Raphael ever painted that horse! It is obviously the work of some pupil or craftsman in the studio, men who were employed to work on an artist's canvas and

fill in the details he had no time or inclination to finish. It is just the conventional horse-pattern that appears over and over again in Renaissance pictures, something like the dappled-grey rocking-horse of our own childhood that pranced on their rockers as this does. Compare it with the other horses we have taken in Charles V, Carpaccio's St. George, and others that I do not remember by name at the moment, and the children will see the likeness at once.

What a wonderful picture is the "Draught of Fishes"! What genius in the composition, what mastery in the drawing, and what daring in the expression!

Get the children to feel the lines, the vertical ones that stand out so strongly in the men's arms and the birds (they are cranes, I think), and the towers and cypresses in the background. And the horizontal ones in the lines of the boats, and the lights on the water, and the way the shore runs down to the sea. Raphael has now abandoned all convention, and paints his conception of the Gospel scenes as if he saw them on the shores of his own lakes; stalwart, hard-working fishermen, frail, fair-weather boats, and birds and fish that he saw in the crowded markets of Tuscany. A graphic story-telling picture, full of the open air.

The two Vatican pictures will interest the children in quite different ways. The three parts to the St. Peter picture are all exceedingly beautiful. I find it necessary with little ones to point out that these are photographs of pictures painted on walls with doors in them, and that the door does not in the least belong to the picture, nor the arch that frames it sometimes. They should know something of the great Julius, I think, and the splendid palace that he took that glorious young life to decorate.

First, there is the charge given to guard, to watch the locked door on pain of death. Even then the two upper

soldiers seem asleep already. Then the radiance in the cell when the angel summons St. Peter, his folded hands lying on his knees as he rests between his guards. Then the departure from the prison, St. Peter dazed with the wonder of it all, and the Shining One leading him past the sleepers to freedom.

One cannot be surprised that St. Peter went back the next morning and told the captain the story of his escape. It has always seemed to me one of the most lovable things he ever did. Point out how beautifully the two figures fill the space between the arch and the prison wall; so easily and naturally.

The children will recognize the Borgo picture as being taken from a similar arch. A drawing full of noise, I think. The girls scream at each other, and one can imagine the roar of flames and the shouts of men from unseen distance. Let them admire the beautiful poise of the girl who stands on tip-toe, her whole body tense with the strain she is under. I have no space to write as I should like to of the details in the pictures, and think it best to leave the great "Madonna," with only this word—that she comes with her Son *in haste* to hear the cry of His people—her veil and His hair blown back by the wind as she comes. Verily the Queen of Heaven, whose heart is open to her subjects.

E. C. ALLEN.

SIMPLE LIFE.

I have been asked to write of the joys and sorrows of "cottageing" which my friend the Editor and I enjoy whenever we get the chance, that is, about once a year.

The particular cottage in which we now are is in the heart of Sussex, and this is our third, but probably not our last, visit. It is very tiny, quite "ridiculously small," as its artist owner describes it, but quite big enough to keep clean! It has four

rooms: a bedroom and a half, a sitting-room, and a kitchen, where with care you can just turn round. The "half" bedroom will accommodate a visitor, "slender ladies" size only because of the smallness of the bed—itself almost too large for the room. All the doorways seem to have been made for small people, as there is not one the Editor can get through without stooping, and she has more than once suffered a bruised head without so much as a murmur! The sitting-room is oak-beamed, lattice-windowed, etc., all complete; but our favourite room is the "big" bedroom, where one can sit up in bed of a morning and look down the ride into the wood and watch gay cock pheasants strutting along or bunnies washing their faces, or on the apple tree just by the window the bullfinches pecking at the buds, or the blue tit collecting food for the little ones in the hole just further down the trunk. From the sitting-room one goes straight out into a wee garden, surrounded on three sides by woods, while the other side looks right across the weald of Sussex from Leith Hill on one side, to the South Downs on the other. A more ideal "story-book" spot it would be hard to find, and we revel in it.

As we do it, life goes on very easily—except when we turn out the sitting-room! This event takes place once a week, and merits a V.C. each time! We get up when we wake up, often to the tune of the postman's knuckles, when one of us has to dash down in pig-tails and dressing-gown to take in the letters and give out others for the post. But the postman is wonderfully well brought up, and appears to think that is quite the ordinary way to be received. By now there is another knock, at the back-door this time, and half dressed one of us again dashes off to get in the milk. It was on one of these hurried expeditions that the Editor bumped her head and sat down

neatly under the offending doorway! I really thought for the moment that she was badly damaged, but found her instead in a weak fit of giggles. Telling her not to move, that I would go instead, I dashed off, and was half-way downstairs before I realized I had on but three garments and no top covering. Back I dashed, the Editor still giggling on the floor, seized my dressing-gown, and again dashed off only to find that the milk boy was tired of waiting and had gone, leaving the can on the step! And so our only two daily visitors are accounted for—the baker comes twice a week, but as we are usually out when he comes he delivers whatever the notice on the door asks of him. Some people might find such a life lonely, but we don't. When we want to see our fellow-men we go down to the village and have tea at the inn, which is famous in Sussex, and much visited by motorists and others. The old parlour is panelled with paintings by artists—well known and otherwise—who have stayed there. After our tea we fetch any letters that may have come by the second post and visit the butcher. He is of the bland type, and doubtless thinks himself full of charm. On one occasion when I was buying steak, while the Editor remained outside, he recommended a certain cut, with: "This is a nice piece, Miss—er—what's your name"!

To return to our daily work! Whoever is down first, and it is generally the Editor, as she seems somehow to wear less clothes, wrestles with the oil stove, which usually wants filling up, and starts to cook the porridge, bacon and eggs or sausages, and coffee. Cooking these is rather like solving the problem of the fox, the goose, and the corn; however, perhaps it is a knowledge of geometry that helps. After breakfast, which is always excellent, the next hour is employed in housework—I in the bedroom, and the Editor in the kitchen. Then for the rest of the day we "laze"—viz.,

sit in the porch and bake in the sun, or take sandwiches and go for a gentle stroll. We are lucky in having woods, open gorse-land, and a river here, so both flowers and birds are to be found in plenty, also newts and other "beasties." Our most interesting bird finds have been the wryneck and the grasshopper warbler, while nightingales in the copse close by have literally kept us awake at night.

And so our peaceful day comes to an end. We go to bed early in this cottage as the feather beds are so comfy, and by 9 o'clock lights are out and everything is silent, except for the gentle snores of the Editor!

I. D. M.

EXTRACT FROM A BUDGET.

WOMAN'S PATROL WORK IN LONDON.

We badly need more patrols. Some of you ask if it is disheartening work; no, hardly that, for we can see clearly the good we are doing, but it is rather depressing, the class of girl we see most of is such a low one. Our own club girls are many of them dears, but in the places we patrol there are far more of the prostitute type (whom we don't have much to do with, it's so little use) than of the decent girl who needs looking after. We have to learn to tell the types apart quickly, for it wouldn't do to bring a "bad" girl into our club, and yet if a girl is just on the border line we want desperately to get hold of her in time, and you can understand it is often difficult to decide to what class a girl belongs.

We made one mistake and took a girl who had been "on the streets" to the club, but were glad afterwards we had, as it was the means of reclaiming her.

We have a splendid club at the W—— Road; one night the girls learn dancing, another they drill, another sew, another do First Aid, and so on, and how the poor things love it! You ask how we set to work. Well, we patrol the streets and talk to any girls whom we think need it, try to get friendly with them and make them understand we are there for no other purpose than to help them, and either take them to the club and leave them there, after which the club-workers take them in hand, or if we don't think them suitable for that, try to get them to understand how foolish it is to hang about streets, and in some cases we take the girls home, and in every case we try to "give an inspiring idea" in a truly P.N.E.U.-ish way, about helping instead of hindering the soldiers, and doing "their bit" for England and so on. I go three times a week from 8 till 10 p.m., but I have to add three-quarters of an hour each end for coming and going. It made it worth while to have the chief inspector for that district say lately to an organizer that he "wouldn't have believed we could have made so great a difference in so short a time on W—— Road."